

This Drink's on Me

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Summary: Junior receives an unexpected guest after the Battle for Beacon is long over and the city lies all-but abandoned.

This Drink's on Me

The dance club had been closed for weeks. With the odd Grimm still roaming the streets for victims and the heightened Huntsmen presence, there were very few people who were in the mood for drinks and dancing. But even though no music or flashing strobe lights leaked out from under the door or through the walls, the building was much less abandoned than it seemed. It wasn't like some of its usual occupants had anywhere else to go.

Junior had been rationing the drinks since the city had been placed under strict lockdown. Though his supply was ample, it was far from bottomless. As he sat in front of his bar, trying to justify having a beer or six, he heard a pounding at his door. Too rhythmic and deliberate for an Ursa, he got up from his seat at the bar and grabbed his bat from its place under the counter. While the Huntsmen and cops had things to worry about that were arguably more pressing than whatever sort of illicit activities he was getting himself into, (although it wasn't like he was really getting into anything illicit anyways. Not now), it was better to be safe than sorry. He walked up to the door, biting the inside of his cheek.

"Junior, open the door."

The voice was familiar, and panic flashed through him momentarily.

"I know you're in there."

He hesitated, but past experience taught him that it was just easier to comply. He opened the door a crack, just enough that he caught a few flashes of gold hair and lilac eyes. He sucked in a breath,

debating on whether or not he should shut the door and lock it tight, but she had already stuck the fingers of her left hand into the crack, stubbornly holding the door open. He didn't have much choice but to open it the rest of the way. He tightened his grip on his weapon, making his already-white knuckles sting.

"What are you doing here, Blondie?" His voice came out more hostile than he intended, gravelly and hushed as if he was worried that the Grimm would overhear him, but she didn't react. She still hadn't come into the club, even though he had stepped aside to let her in. The right half of her body was hidden behind the door frame so that she appeared to have been cut in half, right down the middle. Something about this illusion and the look in her eye made her seem so small. Junior softened.

"Hey, there's a pack of Beowolves that have been roaming around for the past few days. I don't know about you, but I really don't want them trying to come inside."

She finally stepped into the club, and Junior tried his best to stifle his gasp. Her right arm was gone from her elbow down, leaving little else but a bandaged stump. Every other time he had seen this kid, she had seemed to be an unstoppable force of nature. Now she looked like a broken doll. He had no clue how she had lost her arm, but he knew that her opponent must have had nearly godlike powers to pull off such a feat. Without a word, he ushered her to the bar and sat her down, taking a seat next to her and reclining his bat against the leg of his seat.

"You never come in here without a reason, Blondie."

"If I remember correctly, you still owe me a Strawberry Sunrise. Isn't that reason enough?" She ran her remaining hand through her mane of hair, obviously trying to pull off cocky and nonchalant and only barely succeeding.

"Nope. So who are you looking for this time?"

"A bartender who can actually do his job."

"Yeesh, fine. I get the idea. No ice, right?"

"Now there's a good boy."

Junior pulled syrups and liqueurs off of the shelves. He figured there was little point in worrying about underage drinking. The world was basically ending anyways.

"You better not be going after whoever did that to you." He nodded to her arm. "In your state, it'll be your head next." Junior set the drink in front of her, a fruity pink concoction in a ridiculous glass. He grabbed a beer for himself, figuring he had found the excuse he had been looking for to have one. He wrenched the cap off with his teeth, a display of machismo that earned him an eye roll from the blonde.

"Now wouldn't you just love that. I caused how much Lien in property damage the first time I was here?" The drink was a little unsteady as she cradled it in her fingers. She still isn't used to it. How long has she been missing her arm?

"More than your weekly allowance could pay me back for, kid." He took a long swig of his beer. They both knew that she wasn't here just for a drink and smalltalk, but Junior was willing to wait until she was ready to say what she needed to. They drank in silence for a few minutes that felt more like a few years, and Junior sized her up.

Her hair was more unkempt than usual, tangles galore. She was probably having a hard time keeping it brushed with just her left arm, especially since there was so much of it. She had her arm stump wrapped in a lilac scarf, tied tightly to conceal the wound. But most notably, she wasn't wearing her gauntlets. Junior had no idea how she had made it through the city and to the club unscathed.

"My sister took off." Her uncharacteristically quiet voice startled him when it broke the veil of silence that they had put between them. She was staring into the bottom of her glass as if this sister of hers was swimming just underneath the surface of her half-finished drink. "She left a note and disappeared. Nobody even saw her leave."

"And you think I know where she is?" Junior set his beer down, eyebrows raised.

"No. There's no way she would have come to this old dump—" Junior snorted— "but she did make me realize that I've been pretty useless sitting in bed." She downed the rest of her Strawberry Sunrise in one gulp and set the glass down on the bar with a satisfying thump. "My sister can take care of herself, but she shouldn't have to. That's supposed to be my job."

Junior shifted his beer bottle from hand to hand. He wasn't quite sure what to do or say. How do you comfort a wildfire? Should you even try? He put the bottle down, weighing his words.

"And what do you need to do your job?"

She looked at him, eyes unsteady, layers of something under the exhaustion in her eyes, though Junior couldn't quite tell what that something was. Her hand went to her stump, probably out of habit, and she tugged at the ends of the scarf tied around it. She gave him a weak smile.

"In glad you asked, because I could really use a hand."

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